Rich. Fie brother, fie, ſtande you vpon tearmes?
Reſolue your ſelfe, and let vs claime the Crowne.
Ed. I am reſolude once more to claime the Crowne,
And win it too, or elſe to loſe my life.
Sir Iohn. I now my Soueraigne ſpeakes like himſelfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* ſhalbe proclaymde.
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, King of England and
Fraunce, and Lord of Ireland;
And whoſoeuer gainſayes king *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle fight:
Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
All. Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
Ed. We thanke you all. Lord Maior, lead on the way,
For this night weele harboure heer in *Yorke*,
And then as earlie as the morning ſunne,
Liftes vp his beames aboue this Horiſon,
Weele march to London, to meete with *Warwicke*,
And pull falſe *Henrie* from the Regall throne.

Enter Warwicke and Clarence, with the Crowne, and then king Henrie, and Oxford, and Summerſet, and the young Earle of Richmond.

King. Thus from the Priſon to this princely ſeate,
By Gods great mercies am I brought againe:
Clarence and *Warwicke* do you keepe the Crowne,
And gouerne and protect my Realme in peace,
And I will ſpend the Remnant of my dayes,
To ſinnes rebuke, and my creators prayſe.
War. What anſweres *Clarence* to his Soueraignes will?
Cla. Clarence agrees to what king *Henrie* likes.
King. My Lord of *Sommerſet*, what prettie Boy is that,
You ſeeme to be ſo carefull of?
Sum. And it pleaſe your Grace, it is young *Henrie*,
Earle of *Richmond.*
King. Henrie of *Richmond*, Come hither prettie Ladde,
If heauenly powers doe aime aright

To

l. 5 ſpeaketh—

To my diuining thoughte
Shalt proue this Couutries
Thy head is made to wear
Thy lookes are all repleat
Make much of him my Lo
Shal helpe you more, then

Enter one with a

War. What counſell Lo
With haſtie *Germaines* and
Is paſt in ſafetie through
And with his troopes do
And many giddie people
Oxf. T is beſt to looke
For if this fire doe kindle
It will be hard for vs to qu
VVar. In *Warwicke* ſhir
Not mutinous in peace, y
Them will I muſter vp, a
In Eſſex, Suffolke, Norfol
Stirre vp the Knights and
And thou brother *Monta*
Buckingham and Northa
Men well inclinde to doo
And thou braue *Oxford* w
Shalt in thy countries mu
My ſoueraigne with his l
Shall reſt in London till
Faire Lordes, take leaue a
Farewell my Soueraigne.
King. Farewell my *Hec*
VVar. Farewell ſweete
All. Agreed.

Enter Edward
Ed. Seaſe on the ſhame
And once againe conuay